

Thomas Newton

The Proude wyues

**Water noster, that wolde go gaye, and  
vndyd her husbonde and went  
her waye.**



4. 2. 1. 5. 6. (20)



**O** A hye feest dayes, whan w yues go gaye  
To chyrche with grette deuocyon  
They praye deuoutly for to save  
They thynke yngis on thys lesson  
Wher they go forth them selfe to tryn  
Both heed and hert, on foote and hande  
I swere to you by swete saynt symon  
That selfe they thynke angels well to vnderstande

They beauteous behauiour & cōtenaūce demure  
They thenke ful pleasaunt for to beholde  
But for to go gaye ye may be sure  
They muse full osten and many folde  
And how they myght best to passe bynge  
Eche as gorgyous as other to go  
In theyr aparell, gyrdell and rynge  
And other trym knackes many mo.

To churche they be come this is no lye  
Unto theyr petwe there for to knele  
Reuerence doyng to the other by  
With cōtenaūce meke, and becometh the wele  
Than syt they downe eche goster other by  
Beholdyng theyr aparell of eyther syde  
yf the one be gayer, than the other that doth elype  
Than she thynketh her felowe set all full of pryde

yet to her bettore on she dothe her set  
And Water noster, she doth begyne  
But to gaye gere hec hert doth fret  
And thynketh how she may suche gaye gere wyne

A. ii.

Saying



Sayenge to her selfe what fortune haue I  
That my felow so gorgyous is in her gete  
And I syte here so poorely her by  
But it shalbe amended, by god I swere.

Qui is in celis, and that within thorte whyle  
Dzells my husbande full sore it shall repent  
For I cannought gete of him by fete nor wyle  
But all shall be myne now that I in hãde cã hent  
From him alway whatsoeuer betyde  
Tyll I be arayde as other women be  
I wolde not haue ought for no maner pryde  
But only because it is a good syght to se

Sanctificetur nomen tuum.  
Lorde halowed be thy name  
yt to suche gere I may come  
Than shall I bere bothe porte, and fame  
As other women in euery where  
Do alwaye where as they do wende  
Go fete and freshe, and trynme in theyr gere  
In the best maner as thei doth to pretende.

Adueniat regnũ tuũ, thy kingdom come to vs  
After this lyfe, when we hengs shall wende  
But whyle we be here now swete Iesus  
As other women haue suche grace in me sende  
That I may haue lorde my heed in to wrap  
After the gyse kercheles that be fyne  
And theron to sette some lussy trynme cap  
With smokes well wrought soude I spyke twayne  
fiat



fiat voluntas tua, thy wyll fultylled be  
Lorde god alway as thys tyme dothe requyre  
And as my gossep that sytteth here by me  
So let me be trymmed nought elles I desyre  
Therfore yf it may be in any wyse  
For thou haste power therof to do thy wyll  
To make me go gaye after the best guyse  
For reason it is with right good skyll

Sicut in celo et in terra, in heauen as in erthe  
yf is al way sene, go we neuer so ferre  
That women aboue all the beante bereth  
And without gaye gere our beaute we marre  
Therfore good lorde let this be a mended  
And gaye gere to were that I may haue  
Or elles my lyfe wyll haue an ende  
For very pure thought, nought can me saue

Panem nostrum cotidianum  
Our dayly brede lorde wyll also do wel  
But of dyuers cornes I haue many a crome  
At home in my barnes for to sell  
But ther with lorde I dare not mell  
For feare of my husbnde that kepeth me so hard  
I busshell therof I dare not sell  
For yf he wyll the game ware marde

Do nobis hodie, gyue vs thys daye  
And specially me my lorde that am heuy at hert  
Till I haue my wyll lorde a parte I saye  
Of my desyre lorde, or elles I must lyue in smarte  
A.iii. with

With that full maruaylously can she sight  
And in a swone halfe gan she fall  
Her felowe beholdynge that woful wight  
And wondred full sore than here with all

Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, now  
Mercy good lorde and forgyuenes, what is this  
I was neuer thys a frayne I make god a vowe  
Good lorde sayd she than what meaneth thys  
And her lptt tell synner, than wronge she fast  
Her to reuue and gaue her swete spyce  
So he bysterre than at the laste  
Lyke a tryme gossyp that fayne wolde benece

Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris  
As we do forgyue lorde so let vs be forgyuen  
and than to her she dyd saie without mys  
ye had a shrode fyt by swete sapnt steuen  
Gossyp myn, how is it with you now  
What is your grese, now I you pray  
yf I can ease you by god auowe  
I wyl be redy both nyght and daye

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem  
Let vs fall into no temptacyon now  
with that, the other reuyued then  
Myght sore dysmayde ye me trow  
and to cche other they gan saie  
Why be ye thus sad my gossyp dere  
Tell me the cause, now I you piare  
For yf it lay in me now I wyl amende your chere  
Sed

Selebera nos a malo, delyuer vs frome all yll  
Raggis and taggis, this wyfe gan to reherse  
yf I may not go gay, I wyl all my selfe spyll  
I pray yau goffp here, understād well this verse  
My husbonde is harde to me bothe day and night  
and doth me not regarde but let me go even thus  
Not as other do, but as a wretched wyght  
But it shalbe mended I hope by swete Iesus

Amen, sayd the other I pray god it be so  
For ye haue good ynoughe this I do knowe well  
Of good marchaundise so mote I the  
As any is here in this countre to sell  
For his degre but he is a frayde  
That he sholde passe his state or loke on hawt  
Than be hynde your backes it shulde be sayde  
yf he fare amys, that it were all your fawt.

But cōpetenly take the thyrd peny of hys gayne  
And bye therwith both kytell and gowne  
Than yett shall ye leaue hym alway twayne  
So do we most parte throughout the towne  
Or elles we sholde netter haue halfe our gares  
That we haue twys ye may be sure  
But properly thus we fynde the wares  
With rynges and beedes to go ful demure

Kybandes of sylke that be full longe and large  
With tryangles trymly made poynte deuyle  
For some folke it were full grete charge  
Therefore all thyng by mesure, by myne aduys  
Put



But as for you ye may be holde  
To do som what more than other maye  
yet it wolde make your husbandes nett tūn cōde  
yf he so harde be, and wretched as ye saye

That he may not se you go as other do  
And haue it so well as he hath in store  
I wolde haue my fyne hooſe, and eke my trym the  
with other knackes many a ſcore  
yf I were as you be I ſayth I ſwere  
Som what ſholde he ſolde & he ſholde not knowe  
ye haue to ſell ſo dyuers gere  
He cannot knowe all by god I trowe

yet may I reioyce alwaye p̄wys  
For my husbōde is glad whan I go tryme  
He wolde thynke I dyd full ſore a mys  
yf I wente not freſhe by ſwete ſaynte ſyme  
He doth reioyce in my gay gere  
whan he doth ſe me put it on  
And wolde I ſhulde it often were  
For I ſhall haue newe whan myn is done

O good lorde, happy be ye  
That haue ſo good a husbōde by god in throne  
A monge a hundreth ye ſhall not fynde thre  
Of all our neyghbours, that hath ſuche a one  
yf god wolde myne were as your is  
I wolde be as mery as byrde on breere  
But hys hart is ſo ſet on couetyſe p̄wys  
That he can neuer be of good chere

And causeth me often for to wepe  
Whan I thynke on his unkindnes so grete  
I can not ete nor drynke, nor slepe  
For grete heuynes my herte dothe bete  
But throughe your counsaile my gossepe dere  
I hoppe the better for to dede  
And for to go gayer another yere  
With myrre and ioye my lyfe to lede

That I may be accepted, with euery man  
Which me beholdeth both ferre and nere  
Without your helpe no rede I can  
But by your good counsaile amended is my chere  
Thys hole in you my hope I sete  
And without you, I am but dede  
Lusty freshe gere, how I may gete  
And to go tryn iulusty gere

Well gossepe than do after me  
And ye shall neuer repent y wys  
I swere to you by Mary so tre  
All shalbe well, that now is amys  
Beware of one thinge, your tonge go not so large  
And for bere your husbnde whan he is grame  
Speke neuer to hym of suche charge  
With euyl mode, for that were shame

If ye of hym suche thyng haue  
As ye desyre for to go gay  
With loking countenaunce ye must it craue  
And with fayre wordes to hym say

B. t.

Q. v.

My husbonde dere I your requyre  
Take no displeasure with my worde  
What soeuer of you I do desyre  
But this must be done in bed or at boorde

My lottely husbonde my spouse most dere  
To you I must nedes talke my mone  
As reason requyrezeth ye be my fere  
And nobody elles but you alone  
thus I must desyre you with all my herte  
Take no dyspleasure what euer I saye  
For yf ye do, it wyll me smarte  
and for thought I shall dye this is no nay.

Whan he this hereth than he wyll muse  
And merruell what your request wyll be  
yf he be gentyll he wyll not refuse  
No reasonable thyng, I hope perde  
ye shall than saye ye lacke that or this  
and begin w<sup>th</sup> thynges y<sup>e</sup> haue most nede  
I dare saye than withouten mys  
The sooner of hym than ye shall spede.

With small tryfels ye must begyn  
Of hym to get gaye gere in store  
Or elles of hym ye shall nought wyne  
And thus may ye dayly encrease more and more  
Of gorgeous gere grete plente to haue  
And all with his good wyll for that is best  
yf ye it so get so god melaue  
Than may ye were it with peas and rest.



**I**f he do not gyue you than good cōfōrte  
Speke ye no more but than he will  
But streight to his wares resorte  
and therof take ye what ye will  
If he plaie the chozle plaie ye the same  
and let him no know no more of your minde  
God giue all chozles mekill shame  
That to their wines be vnkinde

**I**f he be gentill take nought him fro  
Lytell nor moche what soeuer betyde  
For if you do it wll tourne you to wo  
Than folke will say þ it cometh of pride  
Se what debate this folke haue nowe  
and all þecause the wife wolde go gay  
I swere to you bi god anowe  
ye were better bide stil in your olde araye

**T**herfore beware be not rassyhe  
To do or say that shulde him displease  
But yf he be churlyf he gyue him a dalthe  
Though euer after it shuld him discaise  
Amonge his wares spare not at all  
For halfe is yours as well as his  
Therfore as nowe counserll I that  
Gyue vnto you by heuyng blysshe.

**T**o do euen so and be not afrayde  
For lese nor lothe why shulde ye not  
The faulte wyll all to hym be layde  
Of any one that hereth that

With

that

That he so chozeth to you is aye  
And wyl! not be frendly as other be  
Grette shame of him than wyl! they saye  
So to be serued well worthy is he

And worse he god withouten fable  
yf worse may be by any meane  
Consyderynge that he is not vnable  
yt ought on you for to be sene  
Somwhat better for very pure shame  
Than it is now by reason and ryght  
For he is worthy for to haue the blame  
yf he wyl! be suche a wretched wyght.

He can not haue to moche displeasure  
That hath a yonge wyfe and wyl! not her cryme  
I wyl! she them care and sorow out of measure  
And specially them that be lyke to hym  
Myrrours of my schefe, we may them call  
That keere theyr wyues so bare and pooze  
To many one it doth befall  
throuth suche meanes to make a good wyfe a hore

An hore:re may it shewe by god aboue  
they may be wretches that so do  
whiche causeth theyr wyues to chose newe loue  
though it sholde tourne them to great wo  
So vylarnus they be in euery where  
Unto theyr wyues in euery houre and tyde  
yf theyr wyues do go, ought cryme in theyr gere  
They say they do it than for gret pryde

And all this is but ialousy god wote  
That thys doth cause I know it well  
Handged be suche husbandes by the throt  
Or elles the deuyl cary them away to hel  
That ialous be eyther erly or late  
Upon theyr good wyues that be so meke  
God sende them strife and euer debate  
And a vengeaunce vpon them both day and nyght

As for my husbande I nede not to craue  
But fylles and staues yf I wyll optayne  
ynoughe of them I may soone haue  
Thus dare I not speake for feare of paine  
For no such thynges but I know another  
I shall from hym slele both daye and nyght  
I swere to you by goddes dere mother  
His bagges I hope to make full lyght

yf he may not se me than go gaye  
I thynke nothyng to tary here  
But pryeuele to gather what I maye  
and chole me than another fere  
For I can not lyue this in wretchednes  
I wyll leue hym bare ynow  
It is to me great heuynes  
To lede this lyfe I make god arowe

With that all syrnyce in the churche was done  
These wyues homeward dyd take the waye  
For fast it dyewe than toward none  
and so they departed and adewe gane saye

B.iii.

W.ii.



Whan she came home thys sorow wylle  
Her husbonde full mery dyd she fynde  
She coulde no lenger abyde for her lyfe  
But nedes vnto hym, she must breke her mynde.

To proue whether he wolde be to her kynde  
She gan him flatter after the newe guyle  
and soone her harte she gan vnbrynde  
Sayenge to hym that in this wyle  
My spouse moost worthy, my husbonde dere  
I pray you take it for no grefe  
What soeuer of you I do desyre  
But gyue my herte now some relefe  
as I hope ye wyl, and therto be glade  
and say me not naye what soeuer befall  
and than for euer I muste be sad  
Thus in your hand it doth lye all

My truste is hole in you set  
So many wyues in thys parysh be  
That go full lustle and trym let  
a pleasure for theyr husbondes it is to se  
and nowe me thynke ye be well moued  
wherfore the bolder I to you speke  
as to myne herte mooste best beloued  
Or elles a sonder myne herte wolde breke

Despyngge you with mynde and wyl  
to geue me now some goodly gape gere  
Some lusty newes my backe to hyl  
with gyrdelles and rynges, for your loue to we re  
as of her

as other women do for theyr husbandes loue  
So let me do for yours I praye  
Than wyll ye bynde me my selfe to moue  
Grette good of you alway to laye

I am not able to performe your wyll  
In gyuynge to you that I not haue  
yt is neyther reason nor yet good skyll  
Suche thinges of me now for to craue  
ye se your selfe that I do spare  
And with symple clothes that I do go  
Honesty wolde ye sholde helpe me care  
And lyke in parell that we sholde go

Let vs lyue as we haue done ere  
And passe not our boundes in no degre  
To put our selfe in great daungere  
For your small pleasure it were grete pite  
How cometh now suche thynges in your mynde  
that ye desyre me to do suche cosse  
ye spende your labour and wynde  
and all your wordes be but lost.

A lacke good wyfe were thys your wyll  
For to go gay aboue your estate  
and wolde be glad to fulfyll  
all your desyre yf it were not to late  
But I am farre behynde the hande  
as nowe dere wyfe more than I laye  
an hundred pounde ye shall vnderstande  
with in this moneth I must nedes paye

Towarde the same wyfe I ne haue  
Twenty pounde in syluer nor golde  
Whiche doth make so god me saue  
Whan I thereon thinke mine hert ful colde  
Therefore good wyfe take therof no grefe  
For I am not able as the tyme requyre  
Excepte I holde there of be a thefe  
And that I thynke ye wyll not desyre

For that were a shame I tell you playne  
As well for you as it were for me  
With shame for my trespass I sholde be slayne  
And hange full hye vpon a tre  
Than men wolde saye there hangeth a thefe  
Whiche wolde than full sore greue your herte  
yt is no nede for to acheue  
A shamfull name that wolde vs cause to smarte

Thus answered she had, this good wyfe  
That her herte sonke into her houle  
And weep she was ryght sore of her lyfe  
But in her husband she did no more glose  
Sodeynly she set her handes on her syde  
and sayd than captyfe god gyue thee wo  
I tell thee playne it is for no pryde  
But onely with other wyfes for to go

That was myne entente and nothyng elles  
But sernge it wyll none other wyfe be  
I shall make thee a hode and set it full of belles  
whiche shalbe marked in all this countre

though



yet to my curate I wyll hye  
And shewe him of my grefe what I do aite  
To knowe yf he remedy  
Of my wo or ought n e mayle

In this meane while his wyfe was gone  
Unto her gossyp to shewe her grefe  
The good man founde hym selfe alone  
Withoute comforte or relese  
Thā streight to þ church he gan him dresse  
Unto the curate which he there founde  
All redy reuell goynge to messe  
And towarde the altier he was bounde

This man abode tyll masse was done  
For to take counsaile of his curate dere  
Whan he hym met right soone anone  
He made his mone with heavy chere  
After all gretynge to hym thus he sayd  
Syr I requyre of counsaile nowe  
My wyfe doth make me so sore dismayde  
That I am like to die I make god auowe

With shorte conclusion his mater he tolde  
How it began and how it befell  
Ewen him & his wife þ made his hert cold  
But euer the preest had hym do well  
And god holde helpe hym euer at his nede  
yf he dyd trust vnto his grace  
Alway the better holde he spede  
and heagen at the last he sholde purchase

L.ii.

yt she wyll be nought and not amende  
And thou entend euer well to do  
Good grace god shall vnto the sende  
Whan she shall lyue in care and wo  
Go thy way home and take no thought  
But euer take hede what so befall  
For such one as doth let her to nought  
To vnde a man she careth not at all.

This man dyd after the cyrades rede  
And home full soone he dyd hym hede  
But whan he came ther his herte did bled  
He spyed that his labour was all in wast  
and that his wyfe had ben there before  
And spoyled all that she myght cary  
Of short endes & mowp that he had in store  
No lenger with him that she wolde vary.

Thus was the good man vndone for euer  
God gyue all suche wyues care  
For after that day he sawe her nether  
But of his welth she made hym bare  
Now Iesu that is heuen kynge  
Graunt all good wyues that fayne wolde do well  
The ioyes of heauen at theyr endynge  
and to be preserved fro the paynes of hell

Suche Vater noster some wyues do saye  
another were better for the soule helth  
As here doth folowe so sholde ye praye  
And than ye sholde euer lyue in welth

There after foloweth the golden  
Pater noster of deuoc  
cyon.

**T**he father of heuen omnipotent  
Of nought all this worlde dyd create  
In paradys he made Adam a pure innocent  
and for his comfort Eue to hym was affayate  
The serpent by fraude made them obdurate  
Wherby they losse their mansyon ioye and blysse  
Tyll by thy mercy they were regenerate  
Pater noster quies in celis.

O blessed lorde of thy grete houthye and goodnesse  
that sent thyne owne sonne to be incarnate  
The oryginall synne of Adam to redresse  
By vertue of deeth of Chryst immaculate  
Whiche is our brother by proue caryficate  
And thou our father throughtout thy glendome  
wherfore let vs merely without debate  
Synge, Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

Chryst Jesu our kyng, and his mother dere  
Be in our nede our socour and comforte  
Our soules from synne to preserue clere  
That the flame of charyte in vs reporte  
To whom that we may resorte  
With blissful armonye both all and summe  
Swete Jesus for vs exhorste  
That vnto vs, Adueniat regnum tuum.

C. iiii.



Infuse vs with grace lorde in contynall  
In every malady, pouerty and tribulaciō  
Perfite patience to kepe thi perseuerance  
For any wrongfull trouble or vexacion  
that we without grudge or exclamacion  
Say and pray, fiat voluntas tuas  
hygh and low thy myght operacyon  
So be it, sicut in celo et in terra

Upon thre thursdaye thy discyples thou fedde  
In fourme of brede, with thyne owne deite  
By vertue of the wordes of thy godhed  
Bade them thyne owne body accipite  
And eate, which for you betrayed shalbe  
A preseruatiſ against deth moost holsome  
Our peticion good lorde, da nobis hodye  
That same, panem nostrum cotidianum

Whan mortall synne had vs deuoured  
And haue forgotten thy holy conuersacion  
yet let vs not vltterly be confounded  
Whom thou demyd by thy bytter passion  
But walsh vs with penaunce by full contricion  
Thou one and thre trinitas lancia  
Whan we requyre the by proclamacion  
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra

yt any creature hath vs offended  
And trespasset forgue we all those  
That they? offence may be amended  
Our mercy and pyte to them dysclose

That

That when to God <sup>in</sup> passage purpose  
That of his mercy abundant we may not miss.  
perque us good L. sicut et nos  
demittimas debitoribus nostris.

In this petition we ask of <sup>our</sup> father  
that we be not overcome of temptation  
but we to Christ <sup>our</sup> own brother  
may we all obtain remission  
of our sins & have abolution  
as at a so bright river of Bethleem  
To whom we give our true devotion  
ne nos inducas in tentationem.

where <sup>we</sup> have <sup>the</sup> <sup>word</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>God</sup>  
Three persons undivided none in essence  
make us trinite in the power most  
Trinity <sup>the</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>gathered</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>presence</sup>  
to comfort us here in the absence.  
To us well love, comfort well love  
God with us a male amen. Amen.

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lost (see p. 42, 204)